Rev. Dr. W. G. STARR.

REMINISCENCES OF WAR AMAS BY A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

BOYS HAD A GOOD TIME.

Pontures of the Observance of the Holidays by Our Soldiers in 1861 and 1862-Made the Best of the situation and Enjoyed Themselves.

"How We Spent Christmas in Camp" would require mere space and a more careful description than I can give at present, and no one man could give the varying experiences of the different mands and the many soldiers.

But if you will be satisfied with such parried personal recollections as I can recall I shall be glad to accede to the regoost of the Dispatch and give them to you currente calamo.

shall speak of the Xmas of 1861. We had gotten over the delusion that our great victory at First Manassas would the war-that England and France id recognize the independence of the ederacy before the spring campaign ened-and that the Federal Government, ng the hopelessness of the task of subting the South, would sue for peace.

saw from the preparations making no North that the war would be proand although confident of our to "conquer a peace." we went into quarters along the line of Bull Run he sad consciousness that we must d Xmas away from home and loved and without the many comforts and ries to which we had been accus-

EXPERIENCE FOR THEM. er quarters" were new to us, and not been able to make our huts as Table as with more experience we have done. But I remember that is of the Thirteenth Virginia (A. P. id regiment) had gone to work cerful alacrity and built for their I had served from the beginning anks, but had recently been com-ichapl in-a combined chapel and ge, which reflected great credit architect and the builders, and

it was seen that very few fur-ould be granted, and that most ould be obliged to spend our Xmas b, we went to work to make pre-as for it, and creature comforts not lacking,

ent at this time were fairly abun-Confederate money was not much par, provisions in the country were and our noble women-God o-cheerfully robbed their own res smokehouses, and poultry yards sider that they might send the best had to the soldiers at the front, would be interesting to know if there now any means of ascertaining the

of boxes and barrels, filled with hams, mince pies, plum pudding, and every other variety of edibles went from the homes of the people soldlers at Manassas for the dins of that Xmas. I am afraid, 'o, that re were some gallons, if not barrels, rinkables in the shipments, and that ing, apple toddy, and even champagne not lacking in the Xmas dinners and equets spread in the huts of the pri-

THE THOUGHTS OF HOME.

There was, of course, a great contrast tween the Christmas of the camp and hat of the typical southern home. Sad a mories would come trooping up as the older thought of the Xmas he once entered in the dear old home. The secret concreness among the children, the contractions of the old folks, the hanging a of the stockings the marry "Ymas." f the stockings, the merry "Xmas that rang out in the early morning, lowing of horns, the firing of crack-Xmas guns, the Xmas-tree, the gathering, the dinner such as was the general merry-making of the and of the week-all those were re-d and talked of by the soldiers, and ey thought of mother and father, and otheart, no wonder that they grew mesick," and that, at times,

Something on the soldler's check Washed off the stain of powder.

ut, pushing away these memories and this the good cheer he had, and en ed a popular circulating library, which men highly appreciated, largely used greatly enjoyed. Then there were de-ing societies and social gatherings and her expedients for whiling away the mp. I must not forget to add that we d tender, appropriate, and profitable re-

XMAS OF 1862.

This was spent along the Rappahannock, or camps stretching from above Frede-

We had passed through Jackson's gloous Valley campaign and seven days ttle and victory around Richmond. on the plains of Manassas had fully "lurk in the rear, forced him to give immediate attention to



REV. DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

is own "lines of retreat." We had made he campaign into Maryland, captured farper's Ferry with 11,500 prisoners, seventhree pieces of artillery, and immense pery description, and at Sharpsburg our tery description, and the state of the s eresfully every attack, advancing our g in line of battle twenty-four expecting and, in fact, hoping for nother attack," as General Lee himself

We had rested for a season amid the autiful groves, green fields, and clear reams of the lower Valley of Virginia. d at Botter's Ford had made the Por to "pursue Lee's beaten army.

a had crossed the mountains, concen-ed along the Emphannock, and on 13th of December had made the plains gember had made the plains Fredericksburg forever historic as BOYS HAD BECOME VETERANS.

The fair-haired, rosy-cheeked boys-others derlings-of 1831 had now become a bronzed veterans of the Army of orthern Virginia, our tattered battle-g proudly floated in the breeze; we were id not change commanders fast enough Northern Virginia was more than a atch for the Army of the Potomac, and at another campaign would end the war in glorious victory, and the estab-

lishment of the independence of the sovereign States of the Confederacy.

And so, although Christmas viands were
not as plenteous as in 1861 (I know one
mess whose "box from home" failed to
come in time, and who were obliged to
content themselves with bean-soup for
their Christmas dinner), we had a rather
joyous Christmas in 1862. Many of the officers had their wives with them, and although there were vacancies in every
mess, missing comrades who had failen
at the post of duty, and sad hearts that
sighed for"One touch of the varietied hand."

One touch of the vanished hand, One note of the voice that was stilled," yet, as far as possible, we banished care, and had a merry Christmas along the Rappahannock in 1862.

REVIVAL IN THE ARMY.

Many of the brigades had chapels, in which delightful religious services were held, and in Barksdale's Brigade of heroic Mississipplats, who held the old town of Fredericksburg so obstinately when Burnside crossed the river, there began that great revival which went graciously on until over 400 soldiers had found "peace in believing" on the Saviour of sinners.

in believing" on the Saviour of sinners.
But I have already occupied too much space, and must omit much that I might say about this Christmas, and reserve for some future time what might be said about our Christmas along the Rapidan in 1863, and on the Richmond and Retered , and on the Richmond and Peters Durg lines in 1964.

I can now only greet my old comrades of those brave old days; thank God that we are spared to see the Christmas of 1833, and wish for them all "a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year," so spent as to be free from after pangs of headache and remorse. Richmond, Va. J. WILLIAM JONES.

THE LESSON OF CHRISTMAS,

The King's Birth in Bethlehem and the Birth of the King in the Heart.

(For the Dispatch.) We again approach the meridian of heart-life. The genial warmth from the Sun of Righteousness dispels the chill of age, and we become young again. Dark passions are subdued, and the heart becomes mellow, loving, and forgiving. The composite human soul is, for a season, attuned to the angelia choral proclamation of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." In giving gifts of love we are bringing frankiusense and myrrh to the manger of the King of Life. It is the birthday of the Saviour the anniversary of Heaven's great Christ-

Whatever of true Joy cometh with this season; what measure of noble impulses and goodly inspirations have been borne hither on the great and boundless tide of love flowing from the Throne in glory through the manger in Bethlehem, and over the gray hill of Calvary-the touch of nature that makes the world akin is more potent and visible at Christmas-tide, because festival conventionalism concentrates mankind's vision on the guiding star. But truly wise men will not be content with annually bowing be-fore the manger of the King and offering their gifts or aderation. No one can truly and with supreme joy celebrate the King's birthday until his own heart has been a manger. The Saviour's birthday in the individual heart marks the beginning of life's emancipation. cometh the crucifixion of self and the beginning of an endless Christmas-tide. Beneath the waves of life's conflicts there is a calm and sure repose. Shining through the darkest clouds of adversity is the unobscurable sun. Just across the River of Death is the "Bright Forevermore." No truer, greater, or more lasting Christmas gift can one give to friend or brother than to lead his soul into this beautiful light of love and life. The lovable freedom of the greatest gifts is not circumscribed by social position, race, or means. "Whosoever," written in letters of living light across the centuries,

May this gracious season, commemorative of the King's incarnation, mark the birth of the great, loving Saviour in many a heart unto the richness of the only true life, and the glory of His name.

Why Not the Richmond Association?

(For the Dispatch.)
All over this magnificent land of ours. the Young Men's Christian associations are receiving bequests and endowments for the carrying on of this great and good work. The only thing that stands in the way of the fullest development of the work that is being done by the Richmond might be done) is the presence of a debt of almost \$10,000. Five years ago the citi our city gave liberally to the payment of the debt. Owing to unforseen causes, such as death and fa fell short of the full payment of the debt nearly two thousand dollars. Two years ago it became needful to make imperative repairs and improvements to the building, and in addition to this, be

tween the time that the generous sub-scriptions were secured and the time the present secretary took charge of the work, the association fell short in its current expenses, so that again there is upon the association a debt of \$9,600. This amount requires an outlay in interest each year of over \$500, which is a great burden to the association. The past two years have seen the most efficient work in the history of the association. The present membership is over eight hundred; much work is being done for men and boys in the evening college; the religious work was never so strong, and the physical department was never more efficiently administered. The association's great need is that some friend or friends re-lieve it of this incubus and thus make possible the fullest development of the What more appropriate time for such a gift than just now, when the hearts of the world are open to giving, for some public benefactor to relieve this institution, and thus to bless the young men, not only of the present time, but of future generations. Said a strong friend of the work recently: "What an opening there is for some thoughtful citi-zen to perpetuate his memory by the endowment, under the auspices of the association, of a public library that would be a credit to the city of Richmond, or a night school work for young men like the work being done by the Young Men's Christian associations in many other cities, such as Hartford, Springfield, Day-ton, and other places." This development is sure to come in time, but if some friend of the association would give such endowment, he would erect a monument that will speak in plainer tones than doth cold marble! Truly, of him will it be "That he being dead yet speaketh. And why wait to die; why not do it now

Fourth Entertainment on Star Course.

and see the results for yourself?

The fourth entertainment of the star course will be as unique as interesting and entertaining. The Macy-Grilley Combination, composed of three artists, will be greeted with an unusually large house. J. William Macy, in his humorous re-citals and songs, is a universal favorite in Richmond, where he has appeared several times. Charles T. Grilley's apearance last season in the association hall gave him a reputation as an impersonator, that is not excelled by any impersonator on the lyceum platform. Miss Paradis, the soloist and accompanist, who is unknown to a Richmond audience, comes with most excellent recommendations, and will undoubtedly receive a cordial welcome. The Hartford Telegram, n speaking of Mr. Macy's work, says: 'His rendition of the 'Skeleton' was exencores." The Pittsburg Dispatch, in speaking of Mr. Grilley, says: "Old City He struck sin as with the battle-axe light was crowded last night. (Capacity, of a God-but he sayed the singer."

evening that humorous and serious work may be given on the same programme. He is the greatest of dialect readers." He is the greatest of dialect readers." His sacred lips. The tenderness of His one hundred reserved seats for this en-One hundred reserved seats for this entertainment are now on sale. It will be confidence of the wondering throng-confidence to the wondering throng-while the miracles He wrought startled in the hall are held by season ticketholders. The star course of this season that they were in the company of a God. The people listened to catch the sound of the sound of the season is a great success.

Contraction Party of JOSHUA B. HUDSON Rev. S. R. MAXWELL. Rev. J. C. OEHLSCHLAEGER. RICHMOND PASTORS WHO DISCUSS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS. His footsteps, and always felt strangely, THE DAY'S MEANING. sweetly at home in His divine presence

FOUR RICHMOND PASTORS DISCUSS CHRISTMAS.

"IS WORTY OF ROYAL CELEBRATION."

"He Was the Mightiest Among the Holy and the Holiest Among the Mighty"-"The Anniversary of the Greatest Man of the Centuries."

On this day we celebrate the birth of the greatest man of the centuries. Looking at Jesus from the human standpoint He excels in every manifestation of great-

Intellectually He was marvellous. He was clear, simple, graphic, and compre-hensive. Without any of the advantages of academic training, yet He poured forth a wealth of thought on spiritual things that has enriched and transformed the centuries.

As a man of action who has excelled years-He was restlessly active. He left the temple with its retinue of priests and sacred memories, and came into living touch with suffering and sin-bruised humanity, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, relieving the distressed, raising the dead, and proclaiming the Gospel. Only three years, but what a vast amount of chergy was liberated in that time. Only three years, and yet the centuries throb with the giant forces He set in

Morally He was matchless. Just as yonder mountain lifts its shoulders into the clouds, and cloud-capped, snowcrowned, and thunder-riven with the light from its perpetual snows, proclaims itself by the very majesty of its appearance the monarch of the mountain chain, so by the self-evidencing grandeur of His character, proclaim His supremacy. By His intense love for the race; by His devotion to duty; by His loyalty to conviction; by

His supreme patience under suffering; by His victory over the world; by His unswerving adherence to truth; by His womanly tenderness; by His lofty spirituslity: by His inimitable self-sacrifice, He proves His moral grandeur, and justifies Jean Paul Richter when he says, "That He was the mightiest amongst the and the holiest among the mighty, from their hinges, turned the stream of the centuries out of its channels, and

still governs the ages. We ought to celebrate the birth of Christ with intense joy, because His life and teachings made the lives of all other Everybody was startled. It was plain biography of great men. History is a vast orchestra where the majority play second fiddle. Every institution is lengthened influence of some great man. Moses was Judaism embodied; Luther was the Reformation incarnate; Jefferson summarized in himself the Democratio party; the Pope is Romanism epitomized; Wesley is Methodism vitalized, and Jesus Christ is the incarnation of Chrislianity. He was the inspiration of Moses; the maker of Luther; without Him Jefferson never would have written that immortal document of human rights; with-out Him the Pope would be robbed of his ority; without Him Wesley never d have stood forth the flaming evangel of Reform. This Nazarene changed the moral, social, political, and chronological points of the universe. Under His touch the religions of the past crumbled, the idolatry of Rome vanished. He smote the shackles from the slave, gave dignity to labor, diffused the mellow light of love over the home, emancipated woman, lifted the pall of ignorance from the race, dashed tyranny from the throne, libe-rated the human mind, and is the inspiration of all the splendid philanthropies of the present age. S. R. MAXWELL the present age.

What is Commemorated. Christ came to the Garden of Eden in As the omnipresent God of the a promise. As the omnip universe, He was there. Forty centuries passed away. One night the same Christ came to earth in human form. The Messiah was born in fulfilment of the prophecy and hope of prophet and priest. The rescue plan of the great Jehovah took on a new shape. Out of the shadow of the temple service there walked forth a living man. Mortal met Him and talked

step. He drove away fear with beautiful benedictions that seemed to ripple from

Faith in the friendship of this Saviour is stronger to-day than it was 1,800 years ago. As students and builders of history, we have found out what the "truth as it is in Jesus" can do. It has revolutionized the world.

This is something to commemorate. is worthy of a royal celebration. Let the bells ring! Let the music roll over the hills, as it did when the angels sang in the midnight sky near the shepherds of Bethiehem.
The divine Christ was born in order

that His human body might enshrine the purpose of a God. His infancy wove around His warm heart tender memorles of the sufferings of babyhood. His man-hood gave men a new model to copy through all the succeeding eras of time. He is the conquering hero of the hour. The calendar of each year blossoms with 36% new wreaths of honor to hang upon

our Christmas memorial.

The Prince of Peace leads a military movement. His servants understand it Some of them carry Bibles; some carry guns. Thought, drilled in the armory of Heaven, meets thought in mortal combat Reaven, meets thought in mortal compat. Battle-flags marked the great turning-points in the history of the invisible Church of Jesus. Let the drums roll! Let the bugles ring! His cause is marching on! His kingdom is coming in.

During each annual festival of the Adalways to be remembered-the childre and the poor. Our generosity may turn poverty into a stepping-stone to Heaven To help the helpless is Godlike,

The longest telescope in all the world is one through which the children look at the coming Christmas-Day. It shines like star in a distant sky, but it is always At the close of the civil war I chanced

to pass through one of the eastern counfar off. Night overtook me on the road and I sought lodging in a quiet country The time was just two days in ves of the children were twinkling with delight at the prospect of loaded stock-ings and a plenty to eat; but their little hearts were troubled, because mother, who was the business member of the firm, had determined to send all the turkeys to market, as there was nothing among the productions of the farm so easy to convert into ready money for the purchase of necessary supplies for the household. The rabbit-traps of the boys had met with or luck, and it promised to be a sorrow I Christmas with no turkey on the ta

That day, when the mail was brough tome from the country post-office, mother received a letter from a friend in Wash ars. As she stood on the doorstep dis playing her gift to the children in the yard, both dollars accidentally dropped from her hand, and were instantly picked

Everybody was startled. It was plain great men possible. It is a profound truth that something must be done at once. So that the history of human advance is the value, was immediately cooped in a fence corner and held there until a council of war should decide upon the best course to pursue. Robble said: "If you send off that turkey you'll never get your mone back." Rosalie said: "Mother, when you try to sell that turkey, and tell the pe ple he's got \$2 inside of him, they won' believe you." Husband said: "Dear, I'm afraid some policeman will arrest you for running a lottery without a license."

So mother decided to kill that turkey

for home consumption, and the children were so happy that they climbed to the top of a haystack and slid down all at once. They were so thankful that something had happened—and to this day their favorite song in the hymn-book is the one that says: "In some way or other the Lord will provide." W. G. STARR. the Lord will provide." A Christmas Incident.

Christmas is a time of joy and gladness, especially with little children, and events may then occur, though trifling in themselves, which may leave lasting im-

The first Christmas of which I retain

any distinct recollection came when I was about 5 years old. It was a cold night, the log fire burned with a charming glow, and all the house was agog with talk and tales of Santa Claus. The children were busy searching for some nail or hook on which to hang the stocking in some weird niche or corner where Santa would be sure to come. The older members of the family, with half a smile on the face, watched with one eye and took notice where every stocking was hung. Then there came into my juvenile mind a bright thought; it was original, no one had ever had it before, I was very sure, and it thrilled me with delight. It was this: If I will hang my stocking where nobody but old Santa can find it, he will give me something surprisingly nice. So I watched my opportunity and slipped out of the nail, which I remembered in the side of the house. I kept my secret and told no one of my fortunate discovery, but walked around with the self-possessed conscious air of one who knew of hidden treasure.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the glad shouts of the other children, who were rifling their heavy-laden

Young as I was, I learned more than one lesson from that stocking, which in after years have proved of more value to

me, for my small and worthless soul, but T. Jolly, and, lastly, of the peerless Jeter. at the same time He gave Him for the souls of all. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

at the same time He gave Him for the souls of all. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakabe gift."

"The Mystery of Godliness."

What a mystery! We need no theological definition of the word; we look at the thing and must say: What a mystery!

There is the babe in the manger, and the thing and must say: What a mystery!

There is the babe in the manger, and the thing and must say: What a mystery!

There is the babe in the manger, and the thing and must say: What a mystery!

There is the babe in the manger and the thing and must say: What a mystery or a farce. The prophet Isaiah, in the light of fieaven and earth. A mystery or a farce. The prophet Isaiah, in the light of finspiration, saw this and decided what it is: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign; behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." It is a sign, a wonderful act of God, a mystery—one of the "things" of the Gospel, "which the angels desire to look into." This mystery of God manifested in the fiesh is akin to and coordinate with the mystery of finspiration, in which human language is endowed and filed with divine truth and power. In a very significant altusion to this fact, the evangelist says: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the giory as of the only be gotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." So the Bible, the Word of God." The written Word is God manifested in human language; the personal Word was inspired by the Holy Ghost, so the personal Word was conceived by the Holy Ghost, so the personal Word was conceived by hold was delivered on the 3th ultimo to the history of primitive man in Scotland.

A lecture on some investigations into the history of primitive man in Scotland.

A lecture on some investigations into the history of primitive man in Scotland.

A lecture on some investigations whe heave declined to the airge of prede humanity itself. And, as the written Word was inspired by the Holy Ghost, so the personal Word was conceived by the Holy Ghost. A full acceptance of the one, therefore, always includes a full accentance of the other; and a denial of look at the facts, and we must say, so

tery, so great, indeed, that many stumble at it, and cannot get over it. But as many as receive it by faith, "to them giveth He the power to become the sons of God, which are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." So little is this mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God a natural development out of the thought and will of man, that all who receive it by faith receive something which is no men by his natural birth; nor is it awakened or born out of man's intellect or will, something directly and exclusivefrom God, something divine-the power of a new birth unto spiritual and eterna life. Oh, the blessed gift of God. "God life. so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Now we understand why the mystery of Bethlehem is called the mystery of goddiness. It is the source of goddiness it is the only power in the world to make man godly. It effects more than a refor-mation; it effects a regeneration. Here again we need no theological definition causes; we need only to look at the facts, and we must say, so it is Wherever this mystery is preached and believed, there is sung the new song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men," from hearts which reflect that glory, that peace, and exercise that good will. C. J. OEHLSCHLAEGER.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND BAPTISTS. Rev. J. B. Hutson Writes of Them

for Twenty-Five Years Back. The Religious Herald publishes on the

front page of last week's issue a sketch by Rev. J. B. Hutson, the oldest Baptist pastor in point of service in the city, of

he "Progress of the Baptists in Rich-nond in the Last Twenty-five Years." The following excerpts are made from this well-written article, as being of interest not only to the Baptists, but to the people of the city and State generally: the people of the city and state generally. He writes: In 1872 the white Baptists of Richmond had seven churches, and a total membership of 2,674. In 1893 they have 16 churches and 8,779 members. In this period the city has grown in population from 00,000 to 92,500, making an increase of 54 1-10 per cent. The white Baptists have made in the same time a net gain of 6.105, which is 228 2-10 per cent. In 1872 there were, of all denomina-tions, 49 church buildings; now there are 89-a gain of 81 3-5 per cent. The white Baptists in the same years have added

9 churches—a gain of 123 4-7 per cent.

The total number of Bapetsts (white and colored) now in the city is about 22,000, or nearly one fourth of the entire population; so that, on the average, leaving out little children and infants. about every third person one meets in Richmond is a Baptist.

Of the colleges he says: Richmond Col-lege has been a massive bulwark of strength to the Baptists of the city. But for her solid front, our ranks might be surprisingly weaker and thinner than they are to-day. In various ways and by many means she has given safety and prowess to the denomination. Her faculty provess to the denomination. Her faculty has been composed of men of mark, who could not live in a community without exerting an elevating influence. She has drawn to her wails of the pride and chivalry of the land, an army of color-bearers, who delight to honor the metropolis of their Alma Mater. She has singled out, armed, and stationed upon the walls of our own city men of might, not one whit behind the chiefest. She has exerted a quickening and uniterlies in exerted a quickening and uplighting influence among all classes, from the lowest walks of unkempt squalor to the highest circles of velvety culture and refinement.

The Woman's College, the modest little sister, who in recent years has outgrown her short dresses and stands up almost as tall as her stalwart brother, must not be overlooked. How beautifully she has addraed the doctrines we prize, sent sun-shine and song into many homes, and lent aromatic sweetness to the toil of mental acquisition How much has she done to make our homes happy, our churches attractive, and our people capaactive, and progressive! And what have both our colleges done, "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the simili-tude of a palace"! We recken among the powerful agen-

cles of this city in behalf of the Baptists the Religious Herald. Ably cilied, sound, and conservative, spiritual and progressive, this paper has exerted an influence silent as the leaven, but scarcely less pervasive. How much are we indebted to it for the unity, soundness in the faith, religious intelligence, and progressive ness which characterize our people! The Herald, like our colleges, is of such wide and almost unlimited influence that it sounds something like a detraction to speak only of its fruits in Richmond.

stockings. I sprang out of bed. darted out of the door, and with a hounding heart made for my treasure. Sure enough my stocking was full, full to the top-full of snow! That was my first Christmas that I remember, and to this day it looks to me more like Christmas if it snows. Young as I was, I learned more than

one lesson from that stocking, which is after years have proved of more value to me than all the gifts that might be desired.

1. Don't be too credulous—don't believe everything you hear. Though but a child, I concluded then that Santa Claus was tricky and unreliable—in fact, I have never had any faith in him at all since.

2. Disappointments will come. Even when we have done smartest, and our hopes are highest, be ready for failure, and call no bird your own until you have it in hand.

3. Expect nothing from unknown parties. A little bag of candy from poor old grandma is worth more than a stocking full of promises from one you have never seen.

4. The gifts of the Lord are pure.

4. The gifts of the Lord are pure.

5. The gifts of the Lord are pure.

6. The gifts of the Lord are pure.

8. The gifts of the Lord are pure.

9. The lord in repartice than to mid gifted in repartice that none would willingly proved his willingly proved he Master

seen.

4. The gifts of the Lord are pure.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." That little stocking of pure white snow was the best gift I ever received in my childhood, and proved a received in my childhood and proved a received in my childhood.

He writes affectionately of Rev. N. W. Wilson, Dr. Theodore Whitfield, Rev. J.

Primitive Man in Scitland.

of which have been rubbed smooth, or even highly polished, in use. Others are hollow-ground, and have obviously been used as whetstones. Others are more or less enopper-shaped, with edges occasionally ground, but with the edges allowed. ceptance of the other; and a denial of the one always includes a denial of the other. We here also need no theological definition of the causes; we only need to look at the facts, and we must say, so it is.

Without controversy great is this mystyless. pons and elaborated stones only been found in the soils, from which antiquaries have gleaned many a similarly facetted and rubbed stone, and described as the stones which neolithic man polished his much more recent axes. These stones and all the stones described are found not much more recent axes. These stones and all the storges described are found not only in the soils, but in most of the more ancient deposits, straight back to the glacial period, some in certain patches of undoubtedly boulder clay. They have thus been found in the soils, in present river-beds, in ancient river deposits, in ancient and now elevated deltas (Kaims, &c.) in the boulder clay. &c.), in the boulder clay, and in some parts of Scotland along the seashort. This is, after all, only a repetition of the phe-nomena of the occurrence of palaeolithic man's relies in England, and it is as nat-ural for them to so occur in Scotland as in any other part of Britain. ural for them to so occur in in any other part of Britain.

Savings-Bank Interest, (New York World.)

of the savings-banks want to reduce interest to 34 per cent.; others insist upon paying the 4 per cent. hitherto al-

Much ignorant comment upon the mathas found its way into print. For ular enlightenment the following facts set forth: A savings-bank has no resources ex-

cept its deposits and their produs. It has no capital stock.

2. A savings-bank cannot pay any in-

terest to depositors except what its de-posits earn. It has no other resource.

3. Very old savings-banks have not only 3. Very old savings-banks have not only long-time investments bringing a high rate of interest, but also large heards of money representing "dead accounts"—accounts that have stood unchanged for twenty years or more. On these accounts, under the law, the banks credit no interest, and the deposits themselves wilk probably never be called for. Yet the money goes on earning interest for their depositors, and, therefore, old banks can pay larger interest rates than newer ones can afford.

That is, the key to the controvers.

That is the key to the controverse.

PART XMAS PLAYS.

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE YOUNG

SOME PEOPLE ARE YERY GLAD.

It is a Milestone in Life Where People Stop to Rest and Laugh, But Some Do Not-As It is for All-

This is Christmas-Day, as all the world knows, and the question naturally comes, What does it mean to us-you and all of us? What part does it play in our lives? Every one knows with what joy that

A Pessimistic Old Man.

expresses itself in shouts of laughter the school-boy hails the first snow of winter. The widow, whose children are shivering before a fireless hearth and they are begging her for bread, weeps at that same anowfall.

It may be there are people in the world who look at the Christmas holidays and festivities with even as great a difference of feelings.

What a magnificent carnival that was on Broad street yesterday afternoon and last night. The air was filled with shouts of mirth, resonant with the blasts of horns, and the night red with flames of fireworks; the great crowd, which has become now a feature and event of Christmas-Eve in Hichmond, jogged along christmas-Eve in Richmond, jogged with good naturally, but now and then, amid even these scenes of mirth, a sad face looked out. It was weary, deep lines marked it, the eyes were sunken, the lips smileless, and the steps hurrying.

IT COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR. Christmas comes but once a year to hildren, and the year between seems

To southern boys and girls it is the greatest of all times. They look forward to it for months before it comes and talk of it. All last week the little things were eager and could scarcely keep from screaming out their llly-sup-pressed joy. It is the time of Santa Claus. "What

will he bring me?" is asked by each one a hundred times and more. "If I get this or that, what a great time I am going to have." Then the nuts and candy and oranges, and the great dinner of Christ-

oranges, and the great dinner of christ-mas-Day look so grand in anticipation.

These are the children of weil-to-do, or, at least, comfortably-living parents. There may be children, even in Richmond, city of churches and of the best people on earth, who are not so glad, and Christman does not mean anything like this to them. It may be to them only a time when they are forced to look. only a time when they are forced to look upon many little people like themselves, only better clothed and happy with their many bundles of presents for their com-panious and good things for themselves, panions and good things for themselves, while they shiver in the cold an. have no bundles, no toys to play with, no presents to give, and no prospect of a table filled with all that a boy and girl loves. There are few more touching scenes than that of a thinly-clad child of 7 or 8, hollow eyed and empty-handed, gazing into some beautifully-furnished window a vertable Fatywland of claywindow, a veritable Fairyland of playhings.

TO YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

Christmas is a happy time to youth and maiden. They are near enough to child-hood to love the good things and the bright things, and human enough still to cherish the good dinner, and too far yet from old age to feel its chill. There is the joy of receiving presents from friends, and the still greater delight in giving them. They, too, indulge in the sports even as the children. School is out for a week, and they are not too far along life's road that they do not feel they can just lay aside every care for that time and give themselves over to the pleasures of the

Christmas, as a time to be careless and jolly and uproarous, is not much to people in middle life. This burden of care that people persist in carrying all their Hvesblessing to me all my life long.

5. The benevolence of the Lord is boundless. He filled up my little stocking, but at the same time He covered the face of the earth. "His tender mercies are over all His works." He gave His Son for the covered the face of the writes affectionately of Rev. N. W. Wilson, Dr. Theodore Whitfield, Rev. J. disturbance going on beneath. Somedisturbance times, too, to these older folks a bubble of joy far down rises to the surface, bursts into a bubble of laughter, and then passes

quickly away. But they have begun to think more seriously of Christmas. There is a solemn joy in it, a kind of sacred religious joy, which, after all, means more and is more than all the effusions of youth.

But to some middle-aged folks Christ-mas is a weary time. There is a great people, but unfortunate ones. In a ment of weakness the cup is taken, or the angry word is spoken, and a poor fellow is taken before a judge and sent to jath. What a dreary day Christmas must be,

how long and cold, spent in jail!

In Richmond here the Police Justice has made it a custom to release from fail a number of the lesser-dyed sinners for the Christmas holidays. That is all right, and not one murmur of disapproval has ever been heard. But what is Christmas when a poor fellow has been shut up in fail for weeks and months, is disgraced, looked down upon by his former friends, or else not looked upon at all by them, and treated coldly by his own family?

Spending money in the pocket puts more joy in the breast at Christmas time than anything else does. Here is a sad case: Only a few days ago the Police Justice gave freedom to a middle-aged man that he might spend Christmas with his family. The man had no money. He went to the factory where his children earned bread for themselves and their mother, drew their money, and got drunk. He was in the Police Court on Friday, and was sens

again to jail, this time for three months. THE YEARS PASS QUICKLY. Perhaps the most striking thing about Christmas to people nearing the close of the old year of their life is the frequency with which they come—the little span of time between them. The years are long to children, and in June Christmas seems one Christmas has gone when another comes, and the years fly by with the speed of the lightning, bearing them on

towards the great unknown.

An old man said only the other day: "I have no pleasure at all now in Christmas; that has all passed, and it will pass by for you, too," placing his hand on the shoulder of a young man who stood by as he spoke. The youth declared it would

never be so with him. It may be the old man was righ

A Christmas Tragedy.

(New York Herald.)

(New York Herald.)

George Leary, 45 years old, of No. 121 west Thirty-fifth street, ended his life with carbolic acid rather than tell his wife he had lost his situation. He had told his little girl of the pretty presents that Santa Claus was going to bring to her, and apparently he preferred death to witnessing her disappointment and that of his wife. He rented a room in a lodging-house at No. 208 Eighth avenue, Wednesday night, and yesterday his body was found on the floor.

Leary had been drinking heavily for two weeks. He went for a walk Sunday afternoon, and did not return. Mrs. Leary became alarmed when he did not put in an appearance the following day, and she went to a department-store in Broadway, where he had been employed, and learned he had been discharged.

Stereopticon Illustrated Lecture Monday Night.

Mr. Hosanna, of Oroomiah, Persia, who is to speak to men this afternoon in the is to speak to men this afternoon in the association hall at 4 o'clock, will give his illustrated lecture upon the political social, and religious life of the Persians, Monday (Christmas) afternoon at 4 o'clock. This will be a splendid opportunity to learn more of the Persians and also to see at the same time the ploc tures of life in that country and of the